

partial record of life, its good and evil, sunlight and shadow. But the Bible never yet has corrupted a human life. Such should be the principle that governs the record of news.

1897.

h" have
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leep sleep.
gers in our
has grown
His life be-
and quiet,
at of life and

sleep. She has
is now refreshed
self in loveless
is throbbing with
or the Winter, come
t season, is bestirring
amusement to try his
life is seen everywhere.
e, and the bright, cheer-
e have now entered upon
and activity. All this has
ws the sympathy between
at there must be a time of
ill come a time of action and

is this and more. This bright
y Christian renewed life in the
day his Saviour rose from the
to an eternal life. The Christian's
oe expressed. Think of the joy to
her son was called forth from the
ut an imperfect expression of the
delight when his Lord, having con-
d it of its sting, rose from the grave
high, and there to remain his Advo-
cates throughout all time. Who can miss the
After death, life; the natural and spiri-
close together. In the one we fall into a
only to wake up into a life eternal in the
en, keep this in mind. As at this time they are
appy because the natural world around them
from a state of slumber to a condition thrill-
right activity, so should they rouse their souls
-dull, drowsy sleep—to which they have been
sin. Let them enter upon a life of activity, so
the last day, the great resurrection, that other
Easter Day, they may join with the heavenly choir
t grandest of all hymns, "Christ the Lord is Risen
y, Alleluia."

REV. J. M. NEIFERT,

Church of Zion and St. Timothy.

PASSOVER AND EASTER.

The calendar this year, in bringing
into close connection the Easter of
Christendom and the Passover of the
Hebrews, shows how intimate is the
historic association between the two
great faiths of civilized mankind.
Christianity and Judaism. On the 17th of the present
month the first day of the Feast of Passover was cele-
brated in all the synagogues and homes of Israel in every
quarter of the globe, and on the following day the joyous
meal of the church bells summons vast throngs of devout
workers in every Christian land to do honor to their
risen Lord. Despite their proximity in time and close his-
toric connection the two festivals are, however, essentially
and intrinsically different. The Hebrews celebrate to-day,
as they did thousands of years ago in Bible times, their
deliverance from Egyptian tyranny and oppression, and
all the various quaint and interesting ceremonials of the
Passover season, such as the eating of the Matzo or un-
leavened bread, and the Seder or recital of the Exodus, are
designed to impress the thought of the great redemption
upon the mind of the worshipper. For the Christian the
central thought of the Easter is and must be the resurrec-
tion of his Saviour, and this confers upon it a quite different
theological character than belongs to the ancient Passover,
which has no Christological significance. Nevertheless, by
the early Christians it was long considered a continuance
of the Passover, and its name in Greek, "Pascha," and in
the Romance languages is taken from the Hebrew term for
Passover, "Pesach." Its English name, on the other hand,
comes from that of "Eostre," an Anglo-Saxon goddess of
light and Spring, whose festival was celebrated in April.
The Hebrew Passover observances are remarkably inter-
esting and picturesque, and have often been made the sub-
ject of poetic and artistic presentation. The striking do-
mestic service of the Seder in particular has been put on
canvas by the celebrated German painter Oppenheim, and
he well-known English novelist Zangwill has recently given
a touching description of it in his "Children of the
Rhetto."

One thought, and that the most valuable and noble of
all, is the same in the Jewish Passover and the Christian
Easter. It is the thought of redemption, the redemption
of the human race from tyranny and oppression, from misery
and gloom, from sin and degradation.

That is the message which sounds from the pulpits of
church and synagogue alike at this festive season. Let the
worshipers at all the shrines heed this common message.
Then would Jew and Gentile be united in truest brother-
hood, in the noble task of assisting humanity to a higher
level of righteousness and virtue, of happiness and peace.

REV. DR. BERNARD DRACHMAN,

President Hebrew Theological Seminary.

When a reform movement starts in
hell it is time for the angels to throw
up a new breastwork on the celestial
heights. When an agitation for pure
journalism starts in the counting
room of a rival paper the inmates of
our insane asylums may shout over the near advent of the
millennium, but the average wooden Indian in New York
will smile.

A sensible man will buy the newspaper that prints all
the news and puts into that work the maximum amount of
brains, art, enterprise and money. All news that is news
is fit to print. The business of a newspaper is to tell the
history of a day's human life—its joys, sorrows, hopes,
dreams, struggles, progress, failures, successes, sins and
heroisms. Nothing should be omitted into which the will of
man has entered or that may touch with power the sources
of creative energy in other men. The modern newspaper
does not err in telling the whole story. The trouble is in
the way it is told.

The story of a day's life may be told in such a way that
it reeks with falsehood, poisons the mind and undermines
the character of those who read it. Or the same story may
be told in such a way that touches, uplifts and inspires
those who read it. The assertion that nothing should appear
in the newspaper that cannot be read aloud at the fireside
is nonsense. The Bible contains many passages that can-
not be read aloud in any mixed as- s. blage. It is the im-

THE ETHICS OF NOVEL READING

On this subject, as on so many others, the great want is
a just discrimination.

The desire for fiction is observable in children long be-
fore they are old enough to read. And being unable to read
fiction they act it. They play that their toy horses are
real horses, and that their dolls are alive and have dis-
tinct names and individualities. And when children are
able to read they are given access to libraries made up
almost exclusively of novels; for it is needless to say that
the stories of naughty little Tommy and good little Jane are
novels, and nothing else.

And not alone the young and thoughtless, but the wisest
and the most mature receive deeper and more lasting im-
pressions of truth when it is presented in the form of prac-
tical exemplification. With devout reverence be it said,
the Divine Teacher when on earth recognized as healthful
this element of our humanity, for "He taught the multi-
tude in parables, and without a parable spake He not
unto them."

Again, as fact is stranger than fiction, so fiction is some-
times truer than what purports to be fact. A writer aim-
ing to narrate events may not state them correctly. But the
underlying principles of the best novels are always true.
As a quaint author has said: "Their invention is wholly
spun out of the fancy, but is conformable to the possi-
bility of truth in all particulars." Of the most powerful
novels it may be said that their shell only is fiction, and
that their kernel is fact.

Some of the grandest things ever written have been in-
corporated into novels, and on the mere thread or chain of
a plot men have strung pearls and set diamonds.

To read good novels broadens one's sympathies. As Em-
erson has said: "A man can sit by his fireside and lay
hold of the poles of the earth."

Many novels illustrate history and make its study en-
chanting. To quote again the words of another: "They
hide the Dover's powder of history in the raspberry jam of
a story."

Novels often effect great moral results. Men may talk
of an existing abuse and argue against it to little pur-
pose, when if an ideal character is made the subject of
that abuse his evil will be recognized. And mortal men
have never preached wider-reaching practical sermons
than have been preached by the writers of novels.

Fiction brings before us high ideals, and the best reality
is that which comes nearest to the ideal. To create a
character, to give the portrait of a soul, is the grandest
work of art, whether of him who paints with colors or of
him who paints with words.

But, on the other hand, there are two kinds of novels
which ought never to be read—the bad novel and the
stupid novel. Concerning the former, it may suffice to cite
the words of the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington: "Very
much," he says, "that crosses without challenge the
threshold of carefully guarded homes ought properly to
bear printed on its wrapper the black skull and cross-
bones with which apothecaries label poison." The man
who will write a brilliant novel and give it a wrong ap-
plication is one of the worst enemies of his kind, and
ought to be so treated. And as to the latter sort of novel,
one can only wonder how any press can be so at a loss for
occupation, or any counter or shelf for material, as to print
and to hold the miserable trash that rises and surges like
a murky flood over the land to-day.

As a rule, one should read only what we call the stand-
ard novels. But there are times when one is entitled to
absolute, unmitigated recreation—when he needs to give
even his memory a respite, and when he can safely permit
himself to be entertained by that which it is not worth the
effort to remember. There are many bright and harm-
less stories which will meet this occasional want. But it
is a want which should arise only occasionally with any,
and which with some does not arise at all. A sober and
time-honored novel is like a relish; a novel full of inci-
dent, but intended only for a day, is like a stimulant.

We must not read the best of novels excessively. They
should not be the staple of our mental diet. Constant
novel reading is not diversion; it is perversion. It is the
opium habit of the mind. And one who reads novels con-
tinually will, so to speak, wear out his imagination. It is
a sad thing for one to grow weary of his work; how much
sadder to grow weary of his rest. What can be worse for
the body than confirmed indigestion? And words cannot
describe the pitiable condition of him who is afflicted with
dyspepsia of the mind. How foolish for any one to so abuse
the appetite of his sentiment as to lose it.

Using fiction under due restraint we shall surely not use
it without advantage. And well may we honor those
whose works of fiction have placed their names among the
grandest and most enduring on the scroll of fame. And
well may we love them as those associated with our rest
and with our labor, with our work and with our play.

REV. HENRY M. BARBOUR,

Church of the Beloved Disciple.

The charge that President McKinley doesn't take care of
his friends will not hold good. Despite the excited chatter-
ing of all the representatives of South America he seized
upon the Bureau of American Republics, reorganized it
and placed an Ohio man of the name of Smith at its
head. Smith has distinguished himself by being a constant
friend of the President, and, incidentally, he has found the
avocation quite profitable.

End of the Lone Fisherman.

James S. Moffit died yesterday at his
farm in Maryland, not far from Baltimore,
at the advanced age of seventy-two.

Mr. Moffit was one of the last of the
old-fashioned race of pantomimists and had
appeared in nearly every great pantomimic
production on the American stage during
the past quarter of a century. At one
time, as a member of the firm of Moffit
& Bartholomew, he produced and managed
entertainments, and he had created during
his long professional career a great many
of the most famous of the modern pan-
tomimic roles, besides appearing in nearly
all the time-honored ones of the past, in-
cluding clown, pantaloon and harlequin, in
every one of which he was deservedly popu-
lar.

In the minds of the present generation
of playgoers, however, Mr. Moffit is iden-
tified with but one role—that of the Lone
Fisherman in "Evangeline," which he
enacted during a number of seasons in
nearly every great city in the Union. There
have been innumerable discussions as to
the creator of this part, and the writer is
glad to announce on the authority of Col-
onel T. Allison Brown, the inspired oracle
of the American drama, past, present and
future, that the part was first played in
this country by a California actor named
Jacob W. Thoman, who was last seen in
it at Niblo's in 1874, at which time he re-
tired from the stage, to pass the re-
mainder of his days in the Forrest Home,
where he died in 1886.

Full confirmation of Colonel Brown's
statement—which no one between Four-
teenth and Forty-second streets would dare
to question under any circumstances—may
be found in a letter written by Mr. Moffit
a short time ago to the Dramatic Mirror, in
which he gives a complete history of the
part which was made famous chiefly
through his own efforts.

Mr. Moffit says that in 1873 Cheever
Goodwin, then a student in Harvard Col-
lege, came to him, in company with Ed-
Rice, and asked him to suggest a good
pantomimic part for a burlesque on which
the two were at work. Mr. Moffit was then
playing the part of Nicodemus, in a ballet
pantomime, and replied that he thought a
solitary fisherman would be a good pan-
tomimic character. Both author and com-
poser liked the suggestion, and when "Evan-
geline" was produced, in 1873-74, Jacob
Thoman appeared in it as the Lone Fish-
erman, playing the part without any action
and in the last act explaining in a few
lines who he was.

A year or two later "Evangeline" was per-
formed again, with Harry Beckett as Le
Blanc, Laura Joyce in the title role and
Mr. Moffit as the Lone Fisherman, which
he played in his own way, and not as his
predecessor had played it, and for this
reason always claimed to have been the
creator of the part.

In 1877 Harry Hunter was engaged for
the role, which was also played in subse-
quent years by both Willie Edouin and
Harry Dixie. Mr. Moffit had intended to
play his farewell engagement in the part
when the piece was revived at the Garden
Theatre last season, but was prevented by
illness.

Mr. Moffit began his professional career
in 1850, and retired five or six years ago to
his farm in Maryland, where he enjoyed the
fruits of his labor, and was held in high
esteem by the community until his death
yesterday.

Easter.

The Easter bells ring loud and clear,
The Parls glow, wind-dimpled, glows,
And in the mead the dewy rose
Begilds the inner myrtled steer.

The billows maid who's over fat
Now glides skilmo on the wheel,
While 'neath our liver pad we feel
The bacon heaving pit-a-pat.

The Easter bell with music sweet
The poet's soul of souls unlocks;
The goat proclaims the foaming brook's
Fair fame upon his hipster feet.

The Easter egg is burst, and lo!
It arabesques the actor's face
With airy idiosyncrasy grace,
Whose quaint conceits like tulips glow.

The bloom is on the shining bird,
The bird is on the Easter hat;
The ball is whirling o'er the hat,
The rooster in the land is heard.

The shad roe's symphony's supreme,
Discouraged upon the lilled lute;
The coal man is undone, and mute
The plumber wanders in a dream.

From Sunol unto Astolat
Amid the mint the lambkin kicks,
And on the fence the flying bricks,
Annoy the care-infested cat.

The bloom is on the Easter bride,
Whose smiles more sweet than roses
glow;
The Easter bells ring loud, and so
We know it now is Easteride.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Exercising His Right.
[Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

The man had been arrested for voting too often.
"What have you got to say in answer to the charge?" queried the Judge.

"Well, Your Honor," said the prisoner, indignantly, "it seems to me pretty funny that a fellow can't obey the law without being arrested. I went out to exercise the sacred right of the American citizen, and got pulled for it. I voted once, but there wasn't any exercise in that, so I done it again, and they grabbed me. I don't think."

But the Judge did.

The Dress Suit Wing.
[Washington Post.]

The managers of the celebration of Jefferson's birthday will probably make it a dress-suit affair. It is in the hands of the dress-suit wing of the party.

A Qualification.
[Litchfield Globe.]

When a man grows humble, and admits that he has a weakness, he always spoils the effect by adding, "But none of us are perfect."

Arkansas Rope.
[Arkansas Globe.]

If the Lord is as good as our mothers, He will put the blame for all our wrongdoing on the boys and girls we have played with.

New Schedule of Fends.
[Washington Post.]

Owing to the withdrawal of Mr. Roosevelt the New York Police Board is compelled to arrange a new schedule of fends.

Mr. Pingree.
[Washington Tribune.]

Governor Pingree seems determined to be a bimetalist, and if the most enlightened nations of the earth don't like it, they know what they can do.

Not Responsible.
[Washington Star.]

Mr. Hanna naturally declines to be held responsible for the results of any elections which were not running under his management.

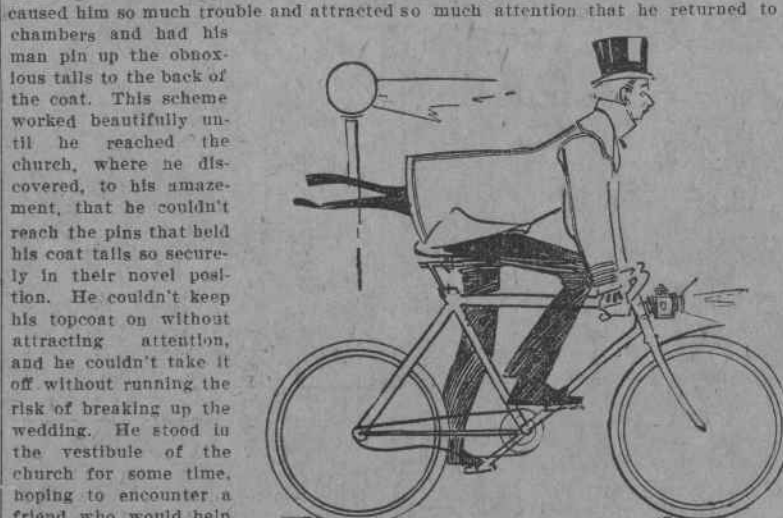


RAISE the Lord! That is what we are all saying to-day, and I think that the most of us mean it. Easter is here with its music, its flowers, its new clothes, and its emancipation from the limitations of Lent, which some of us did not observe as strictly as we might. And yet we join the procession and lift up our voices just as though we had not played poker last week or sneaked away to the opera on Holy Thursday or eaten meat on Good Friday. In the multitudinous glories of Easter merriment it is difficult to distinguish the saint from the sinner; for the chapple that prays and dresses loudest is not always the one that prays and dresses best. Religion is a bit out of my line as a general thing, but there is something about Easter Sunday that appeals irresistibly to every man that was born within the sound of church bells or learned in infancy to lip the story of the Lord.

Hence it is that chappledom will receive with re-
gret the information that Duncan Elliott denies the
club born rumor that he had seen the Light anew
and had followed Colonel Delancy Astor Kane into
the Roman Catholic Church. Chappledom was hun-
gering for an Easter item of religious news. Like
Kane before his conversion, "Dunc" is an Episcopa-
lian, if I am not mistaken, and in the Westchester
set the line between High Church observances of
that faith and the Romanist creed is so fine that it
seemed to daddled quite within the range of prob-
ability that Duncan Elliott had become a Catholic.

Duncan, by the way, is now stopping at the Waldorf with his beautiful wife, his two fine babies, his two trim nurse maids and his bulldog, which makes claim to neither good looks nor amiability. One of the delights of Mr. Elliott's hostelry is to see "Dunc" parading the corridors with the older of his sons in one hand and the bulldog in the other. Each of the three seems to be vastly proud of the other two, and the trio invariably commands the respect of all observers. "Dunc's" stay in Aiken, S. C., this Winter has had a marked effect on his physique, which has increased until he now looks a veritable Samson shorn of his locks. The younger Elliott is as sturdy as his father, and the way he grabs that ugly bulldog's tail when-
ever he gets a chance indicates a daring and fearless disposition. The second little fellow is yet in arms, as he was born only last Fourth of July, but he promises well, and the chances are that in another year he and his brother will make life in-
teresting to his dogship. There is nothing about Duncan Elliott more admirable than his devotion to his two boys.

Every now and then some chapple gets out and does a fool thing that would seem to rag the bush of folly. The championship thus far, however, belongs to a friend of mine who conceived the incredible notion of going to a swell night wedding on his bicycle. He arrayed himself de rigueur—high hat, swallow tail, little bow topcoat—and pedaled away for the church in which the ceremony was to be performed. He hadn't gone more than a half a mile before the flapping of the tails of his dress coat caused him so much trouble and attracted so much attention that he returned to his chambers and had his man pin up the obnoxious tails to the back of the coat. This scheme worked beautifully until he reached the church, where he dis-
covered, to his amazement, that he couldn't reach the pins that held his coat tails so securely in their normal position. He couldn't keep his topcoat on without attracting attention, and he couldn't take it off without running the risk of breaking up the wedding. He stood in the vestibule of the church for some time, hoping to encounter a friend who would help him out of his predicament. But none came. Finally he happened to think he knew a lady across the street who would not attend the wedding and might be at home. He made a "hurry call," as they say of the ambulance service, and luck favored him at last. The lady was at home; and graciously acceded to his request to help him out of his trouble by unplugging his coat tails. He got back to the church before the ceremony was over, but he has permanently abandoned the bicycle as a wedding vehicle.

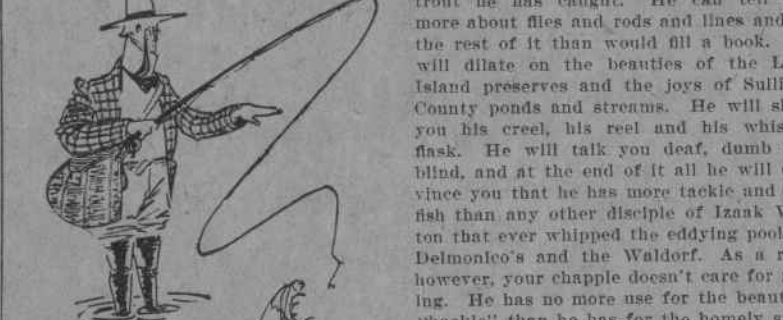


If all the people that ever professed friendship for the late Henry E. Abbey were to turn out Tuesday night and buy tickets for the benefit to be given to his only child, the Metropolitan Opera House wouldn't hold the multitude, and little Kitty Abbey would have enough money to keep her from want all the rest of her life. But, aside from sympathy, which appeals far less than it ought to in matters of this kind, the performance in itself will be worth more than the price of admission. The bill has been arranged so as to insure the joint appearance of Calve, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Plancon, Lassalle, Salinger, Clementine de Vere, Marie Engel, Litvinne, Bauermeister, Ceppi and De Vries. Acts will be given from "Carmen," "Roméo and Juliet," "Le Cid" and "Mefistofele," and the evening as a whole will be one to recall with pleasure and satisfaction. I state these facts at the risk of repetition, because it seems to me that this community, and especially that part of it which holds the wealth and stands for charity, should take advantage of this opportunity to help an orphan girl whose father bankrupted himself and spent her patrimony in trying to furnish to New York the best of opera the world afforded.

This is the time of year that the piscatorial chapple disappears suddenly and mysteriously for a few days, but always to return with the most marvellous stories of the vast number and great size of the trout he has caught. He can tell you more about flies and rods and lines and all the rest of it than would fill a book. He will dilate on the beauties of the Long Island preserves and the joys of Sullivan County ponds and streams. He will show you his reel, his reel and his whiskey flask. He will talk you deaf, dumb and blind, and at the end of it all he will convince you that he has more tackle and less fish than any other disciple of Isaac Walton that ever whipped the eddying pools of Belmont's and the Waldorf. As a rule, however, your chapple doesn't care for fishing. He has no more use for the beautiful "buckle," than he has for the homely sand-
worm. He hates the touch of a live fish, and abhors the smell of a dead one. He prefers to drink his rum comfortably in the corner of his club, and he is always ready to denounce every fish story as a baseless and unnecessary lie.

Over in Jersey it is different. There the piscatorial chapple comes nearer to holding his own. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Prince of Tuxedo, and his apparent to the throne of "Peter the Great," William Kent, Grenville Kane, Fernando Yanga, Dr. Rushmore and Walker Breese Smith are only a few of the great fishermen of that colony who are sorely puzzled over the existing condition of the Jersey Fish law. They are all on the razor edge of desire to go after landlocked salmon, but restrain themselves through fear of breaking a law the exact status of which they are unable to make out. Otherwise Tuxedo is as dull as ditch water.

Fred Hoeg and Wally Watson have taken to the horseless carriage. Their ex-
ample has encouraged the "Old Guard" to talk about making the experiment. The "Old Guard" will probably take it out in talk. Jimmie Farley, Joe Mora, Billy Perzel, Frank Hubbard and Peter Morris are all anxious to try the new vehicle, but



are hesitating because no two of them could get into one of those carriages at the same time as they are now constructed. The "they" refers to either the old chap-
les or the new hansomos. Whichever way you may make it reconstruction is neces-
sary before a fit can be attained. The "Old Guard" hates a squeeze, and is far too
modest to ride singly in so conspicuous a vehicle as a horseless carriage. It will
defer the gratification of its curiosity in this particular, therefore, until the car-
riages are made larger, or until the "Old Guard" grows thinner.

"Contrary to the general impression," said a prominent actress the other day of
young Elliott Shepard, whose marriage was the sensation of Lent, "he is unusu-
ally abstemious. He used to come to see me frequently, and I liked him. He
was a bit flighty in his ideas, but at bottom I would call him a good fellow. He
liked art, and for one of his years knew considerable about it. In china and old
silver he was quite a connoisseur. He always told me that his mother held a
pretty tight rein over him, and I suspect that that had not a little to do with his
hasty marriage."

This is an interesting theory, but I am not disposed to make Mrs. Shepard re-
sponsible for what her son has done or has not done.



"Jones does tell some pretty tall stories,"
"They certainly are not short."—Indianapolis Journal.

Opera Season Ends with "Faust."

By Arthur Schoenstadt.

While all Gotham was preparing yester-
day for the celebration of Easter, the
crowning festival of the Christian Church
year, there resounded once more in the
Metropolitan Opera House with radiant
brilliance the immortal Easter chorus of
Gounod in the first act of "Faust"—this
time the funeral song of the departing sea-
son.

A remarkable antithetical coincidence
this. On the eve of the Resurrection Day
our opera must close its existence without
hope of immediate resurrection. Under the
most promising auspices the season was
opened with "Faust" in November of last
year, and at the matinee yesterday it was
concluded with "Faust."

To the fortunate mortals who were fa-
vored with seats at this farewell matinee,
the spectacle of boundless, overwhelming
enthusiasm will not be readily effaced from
memory. It seemed as if every one in the
multitudinous audience desired to be recog-
nized by his or her favorite artist on the
stage, as if each individual applauder would
induce in the souls of the great singers a
sort of telepathic communication of his ap-
preciation. Immense bunches of roses and
Easter lilies literally rained upon Faust,
Marguerite and even upon wicked Mephisto.
There was no end to the recalls. After
each drop of the curtain the stars were al-
most as fatigued howling their acknowl-
edgments as the audience clapping their
hands.

Nor was all this applause the exaggerated
expression of enthusiastic spirits, inju-
diiciously aroused. The divine art of Emma
Calve cannot fail to move the heart even
of the most aloof critic. How beggarly
is all phraseology to describe the soul-en-
chanting melody with which Emma Calve
delights her audience as Marguerite, from
her song in the first act, in which she re-
presents Faust, until her last notes in the
prison scene, in which she commends her
soul to the heavenly hosts!

What a pleasant deception after the
curtain has dropped to realize that this
celestial gift being is still far from join-
ing the spiritual choir and that we may
still hope to revel often in the intoxica-
tion of her rapturous song! The vocal
modulations of this artist are marvellous.
Now flaming passion is embodied by her
notes, and the next moment her song be-
trays the perfumed blossoms of the ten-
derest emotions. Even the mere sound of
her voice—the caressing, sweet nuances of
her flute-like mezzavoces, the silvery trills,
in which the notes are as carefully trimmed
and developed as the minute stitches in
a delicate piece of lace embroidery, her
perfect staccato, which enhances the ecsta-
sy like the sparkling of an electric foun-
tain, fascinates one with indescribable
charm.

When she confesses to Faust in the
sweet evening twilight, moved by a welling
tide of feeling, "Je t'adore, pour toi je
veux mourir," ("I love thee and would die
for thee"), one feels like exclaiming with
the poet, "I hear neither body nor sound—
I hear her soul." Homer can find no
better way of depicting the beauty of
Helen than by describing the impression
which she makes on the old men of Troy.
And I repeat that the best description of
Emma Calve's song is expressed in the
assertion that it moves the heart of the
most blasé critic. To no other artists can
be more properly applied the words of
Pope:
Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.

And now as to Jean de Reszke. The
heaping of so much illustrious musical tal-
ent into one adieu performance was a treat
to be enjoyed by the most hardened thea-
tre-goers. "Faust" has such a world-wide
reputation that it is difficult to find some-
thing new to say about it. As to his yester-
day's presentation, all that needs to be
mentioned of the great tenor is that he
was in excellent voice, and that he toiled
the attention of the audience to what it
will have to miss next Winter. America
may rest assured that singers like Jean de
Reszke, who can combine a voice of gen-
erous volume and dazzling brilliance with
such thorough, masterly culture, are not
born every decade.

M. Lassalle, as Valentin, proved again that
he possesses a thorough technique, but the
imposing power of his voice is lost in the
upper register. It is strange to think that
this part has been taken from Capanari,
considering with what a thundering
passion he could imbue the death scene.
Why replace the younger singer by Lassalle,
who, it must be conceded, has not many
more laurels to fight for?

There was one other flaw in the cast.
Mlle. Oltzka had to sing the part of Sibelie.
It is apparent that Gounod knew very well
why he wrote this part for a soprano.
There is no plausible reason why it, the
Metropolitan Opera a contralto should
always be entrusted with this part. Mlle.
Oltzka had to sing the flower song in B
flat instead of C major to favor her voice.

Edouard de Reszke sang a vigorous Mephisto.
He grasps the character with a certain
bonhomie. He holds the satanic
strongly, perhaps too strongly, in the back-
ground. On the whole his Mephisto is as
phenomenal a chef d'oeuvre as the Faust
of his brother.

Bergmann conducted the orchestra with
more than usual spirit. He also was called
several times before the curtain.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"Call Mulvaney Pasha," said the Sultan. "I
would speak with him upon matters of state."

The gallant Turko-Hibernian officer in whom
the Sultan reposed such confidence was admit-
ted to the Council Chamber.

"What do you advise?" asked the Sultan.

"By th' powers!" began Mulvaney Pasha,
but the Sultan interrupted him.

"I can't do it," he said. "There isn't money
enough in the treasury."—Detroit Free Press.

He—They say, dear, that people who live to-
gether get to looking alike.

She—Then you must consider my refusal as
final.—Detroit Free Press.

"I hear that Judge Blackups is studying mind
reading," said the leann lawyer.

"If that is the case," said the fat lawyer, "I
am going to leave town before I get arrested
for contempt."—Indianapolis Journal.

"You say that Jones is leading a dual life? I
am astonished!"

"Yes, he has rented a private box at the
post office and gets letters from his wife, who
is visiting her